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LIFE



THE ONLY MAN AT THE HOTEL.

"LET HIM SLEEP, GIRLS. HE NEEDS THE REST!"

The Truth That Hurts.

WISDOM hath she beyond all other women

Who for a husband the lover indifferent chooseth.

She knoweth well that love of indifference born

Is better than love to indifference grown.

Foolish is she in her own generation

Who, when she hath wedded her lover, cries, broken-hearted,

"'Tis not the man I have loved! 'Tis another!"

Hath not love ever played mortals these tricks?

So, fair one, tarry and worry no longer
In choosing whom you shall marry. These
teachings remember:

Love ever deceiveth; and, choose whom
you may,
You will find you have wedded a
stranger.

Helen Hannah Clifford.

MANHATTAN: I suppose, Subbubs,
you get good butter in the country
where you live?

"Yes, there is enough butter to the
pound to hold the salt together."

AUG.



THE OPEN SEASON FOR SUMMER GIRLS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. AUGUST 1, 1901. No. 978.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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THE Ohio Democrats lately decided by an enormous majority not to have any Bryan or any free silver in their fall

campaign this year. Mr. Bryan chides them for their lack of fidelity to his ideals, but the saner Democratic newspapers in all parts of the country, and especially in the South, have been heaving vociferous sighs of relief. It seems selfish for Mr. Bryan to object to having his political remains decently interred, but he does object, and seems likely to contend to the last that he belongs with the living. It may be better so. He may still be useful as an unchanged and unchangeable leader, who shall lead the incurable goats out of the Democratic party and lose them somewhere in the wilderness. Well rid of Bryan and the goats, the rest of the Democrats may again become a valuable force in the government of the country. For six years they have been of mighty little use in national politics. They cannot be spared indefinitely, though Mr. Bryan can. The signs of their detachment from him and his absurd theories about money are the most hopeful signs that the Democrats have disclosed since Bryan stampeded the Chicago Convention in 1896.



THE London *Spectator* says it costs at least twenty thousand pounds a year to live like a rich man now in England. Ten thousand pounds answered fifty years ago, but the cost of maintaining a good place in fashionable society has doubled. What with town and country houses, shooting, yachting and all the other indispensable luxuries of the contemporary rich, a Londoner, it says, who aspires to be part of the procession, finds himself a good deal pinched on an income of a hundred thousand dollars, and sighs with relief when a son or a daughter marries money. These statements of the *Spectator* are easily verified, and will stir pity in many a reader's heart. To be pinched in one's income is bad, whatever the size of the income may be. But evidently the cure of the needy state of the rich Britons does not lie in an increase of money, for that would only result in advancing still further the price of luxury. The cure must come from an increase of common sense and the coincident abatement of wants. England has been so very rich for so long that it seems quite possible that a sharp experience of straitened means might do her good, and for that reason the on-looking moralist who is more concerned about British virtue than British ease does not worry over the cost of the Boer war, or the threatened impairment of British trade.



A MR. DAVIS of Syracuse, N. Y., who has lived abroad for some years, has become a British subject. He did it partly to avoid paying personal taxes in Syracuse. Let us not take on about this Mr. Davis as though he were the only one we had. It is not as though he had been one of the great Davises—Richard Harding, Jefferson, Perry or David—whom we could not replace. He is only Mr. Davis of Syracuse, said to be a solvent person, and a good man we must hope. Now, no uproar about him! Remember this is a free country; free to enter,

free to quit. Go in peace, Ex-brother Davis, late of Syracuse. Serve the King with both hands and all your heart, as well as with your purse. Peace be with you! We feel no resentment towards you, though we misdoubt that being a subject of King Edward won't save you at this time as much in taxes as you hope.



AT this writing the story of the Steel Strike is not yet a very sad story, but it does not invite comment. It seems rather a wanton war on the part of the labor leaders. The companies, apparently, conceded everything they dared to concede to avoid the strike. Their position is strong for that reason. They are surely entitled to keep the control of their business in their own hands if they can. If the Amalgamated Association can take it away from them, it will be a very pretty feat.



THE Chicago newsmongers, who are constantly urging all the world to get excited over something some Chicago professor is reported to have said, invited us, on July 17, to be shocked by the assertion of Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, of the University of Chicago, that "the bulk of church hymns is mere doggerel." Do not believe this story. The Chicago newsmakers are constantly sending East such tales about professors and their sayings, but when a commentator comments on them the tales turn out to be untrue. Consider the improbability of there being a professor named Triggs. They say he is the same man who once said John D. Rockefeller was a bigger man than Wm. Shakespere. That is more improbable still. Who would compare Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Shakespere? There would be no sense in such a comparison. It seems safest to believe that there is no such person as Triggs, and that he never said anything about hymns, though it is true enough that many of the hymns in most of the hymn-books are not good poetry nor even good sense.



MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

The Gospel of Wealth.

HANDS UP!" shouted the Road Agent. As he was going through the pockets of the passengers, one of them remonstrated. "This is very hard," said he, "to give up—"

"Nonsense," shouted the Road Magnate, "if it were not for us leisure classes there would be no demand for your watches."

"But you give us nothing for them," urged the Discontented Passenger.

"I have organized the production of valuables," replied the Captain of Industry; "consider

what a waste it would be to pick all your pockets separately."

"But we don't want our pockets picked," said the Agitator.

"I am charging only what the traffic will bear," returned the Capitalist. "I leave your clothes and enough food to last you till the end of your journey; besides I leave you free to earn more valuables."

"This is simple theft—benevolent assimilation, I mean," said the Passenger.

"I give you permission to use the road. What more do you want, you Demagogues?"

"We want to control our own highway."

"If you controlled the road yourselves the dear public would be robbed. Much better to leave the highways to professional highwaymen."

"We —"

"You forget the immense sums I have given to the public by leaving purses and trunks when I took the valuables; that, as Comrade Rockefeller says, 'is the best sort of giving.'"

"But —"

"I'm only taking what you have now, whereas the Trusts take mortgages on all you may ever have."

"But you have no right at all to anything we produce."

"I am holding it only as a Trustee," said the Leading Citizen, "and I have founded a library with my gains."

Bolton Hall.

Horse Sense.

EVERY lover of horses—and may the tribe increase!—will appreciate the following. It is what a horse would say if he could speak. We think it first appeared in the *Farmer's Journal*:

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't whip me if I get frightened along on the road, or I will expect it next time, and, maybe, make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you, the buggy, and myself, too. Try it yourself some time, run up a hill some time with a big load.

Don't say "whee!" unless you mean it.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it half a minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get long.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't forget the old Book that is a friend to all the oppressed, and says: A merciful man is merciful to his beast.



A DARK PAGE OF HISTORY.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,485.34
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\$5,703.11

Swinging, playing ball, tumbling about on the grass and climbing trees are rather trying on jackets, trousers and dresses, and it frequently happens by the end of the two weeks that there are many among LIFE's two hundred little guests whose wardrobes are things of the past. If a few simple garments for young children were sent to LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn., they could be used to very great advantage.

As this column goes to press sixteen days in advance of the date of publication, some little time must, of necessity, elapse before a contribution can be acknowledged in LIFE. If name and address accompany the remittance a formal receipt is promptly mailed, stating the issue in which the public acknowledgment will be made.



ANNA BOWMAN DODD, whose *Fa-laise, the Town of the Conqueror* showed her understanding of old France, has proved herself equally conversant with the present-day atmosphere of the Capital by writing a clever little skit full of humorous truths called *The American Husband in Paris*. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.00.)

Graustark, the Story of the Love Behind a Throne, by George Barr McCutcheon, is another attempt to imitate *The Prisoner of Zenda*. These stories are like the poor puzzles that came after the Pigs in Clover. They possess all the foolishness of the original without any of its charm. This one is unusually poor. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

The Harpers are to publish a series of collections of short stories by individual authors.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

A LARGE COLD BOTTLE FOR A SMALL HOT GIRL.

The first volume, *A Pair of Patient Lovers*, by W. D. Howells, contains five characteristically quiet and genial studies of New England life. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.15.)

The hero of *Philbrick Howell*, by Albert Kinross, writes a book of which a friend is made to say: "I have tried to read your book, but couldn't. It is hopeless. The drivel ran on without end." We can find no more fitting words in which to describe the novel of which this novelist is the hero. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The Lion's Brood is an improvement upon Duffield Osborne's previous work. It is a story of ancient Rome at the time of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, and gives a romantic explanation of that commander's fatal delay at Capua. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

In her new book, *Souls of Passage*, Amelia E. Barr has attempted to combine a novel of the Scotch Highlands with the expounding of some very threadbare theories of

reincarnation. With the novel as mediocre as this one and the theories as well known, the combination is neither instructive nor entertaining. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Robert Annys, Poor Priest, by Annie Nathan Meyer, is a tale of the Lollard movement in England in the fourteenth century. It seems a plausible picture of the times, but is not over-interesting. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Remembrances of Emerson." By John Albee. (Robert G. Cooke.)

"Sonnets to a Wife." By Ernest McGaffey. (William Marion Reedy, St. Louis.)

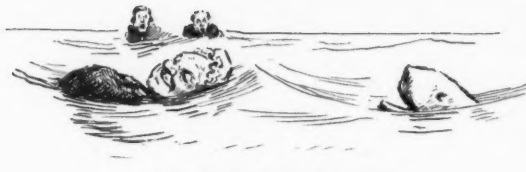
"Aldea." By Asa P. Brooks. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

"The Old Plantation." By James Battle Aivrett. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

"Phillip and Philippa." By John Osborne Austin. (Press of the Newport Daily News, Newport, R. I.)

"One American Girl." By Virginia Webb. (G. W. Dillingham Company. 50c.)

"Abandoned." By Louis B. Zelcoe. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)



A TRAGEDY OF THE SEASHORE.

De Rigueur.

THERE was a wise man of the West,
Who had learned to go properly dressed;
When spring weather began
He took furs and a fan,
For he said, "I have found it is best."

Isabel McKinney.

A Letter.

MRS. — forwards £1-5-0—for her subscription—though she feels rather ashamed of still continuing it, as LIFE is so systematically bitter and unfair to everything English, and it is only the artistic merit and beauty of the drawings which reconciles it to her conscience to take in the paper. If only a little more sense of fair play were displayed, the paper would be far more widely subscribed for. Mrs. — was delighted to see some few weeks back that, at all events, there was one contributor just-minded enough to draw attention to the fact that, if our management of the Boer war had had its weak points, America was not absolutely immaculate in its dealings with the Cubans, and, though a *tu quoque* is a poor argument, it might have some influence in making "the pot" refrain "from calling the kettle black." After all, England is not a bad old country and has many sturdy virtues which deserve more credit than LIFE seems willing to give her, and which are not altogether unworthy of imitation by other countries.

HALL, NORWICH, June 10.

In reply to this esteemed letter LIFE has little to say, except to thank his correspondent for her patience with him. He only begs her to remember that he has expressed as little enthusiasm for the present foreign wars of his own country as for those of England, being firm in the opinion that it was the duty of both Powers to avoid just such quarrels.



THE CRUEL HIGHWAYMAN.

A CRUEL HIGHWAYMAN NAMED GUZZLE
WOULD SCARE A MAN WITH A GUN'S MUZZLE.
THEN MAKE HIM RECITE
TO THE ROBBER'S DELIGHT,
TWO SONNETS, EIGHT POEMS AND A PUZZLE.



CITIZEN: I'd give a clean thousand to find some way to exterminate these sparrows.

SPORTING FRIEND: I'm your man. I've got just the thing.

"Out with it."

"Get the Legislature to pass a game law protecting them."

The Modern Christian's Prayer.

OH Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more;

But pardon that I do not kneel before
Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore
With too much walking. In my chair instead
I'll sit at ease, and humbly bow my head.

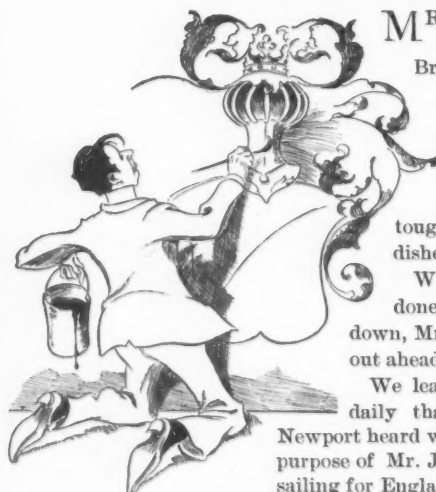
I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know:
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show.
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,
Their contributions to our church put down.
I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's spree—
An "Old Time Supper" it is going to be.
I've dressed three dolls for our annual fair,
And made a cake which we will raffle there.

Now, with Thy boundless wisdom so sublime,
Thou knowest that these duties all take time.
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.
My children roam the streets from morn till night,
I have no time to teach them to do right.
But Thou, oh Lord, considering my cares,
Wilt count them righteousness, and heed my prayers.

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,
And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce all visitors to patronize
The men who in our programmes advertise,
Because I've chased those merchants till they hid
Whene'er they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contributions to our fair,
And bless the people who assemble there.
Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,
The flower table and the cake that's sent.
May our whist club be to Thy service blest;
The dancing party gayer than the rest.
And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings—then
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

Caroline A. Walker.

Hail Columbia Britannia!

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, Mr. Bradley Martin and Mr. James J. Van Alen are three gentlemen who had the bad luck to be born Americans. It was tough, but they were not disheartened.

While all three have done their best to live it down, Mr. Van Alen has come out ahead.

We learn from a New York daily that the cottagers at Newport heard with pleasure that the purpose of Mr. James J. Van Alen in sailing for England is to receive from King Edward a decoration in recognition of his services in caring for the sick of the British

army in South Africa in the early part of the Boer war.

He is to be made "a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," whatever that may be.

The thoughtless reader might suppose from Mr. Van Alen's name that his sympathies would go with his people: that the struggling Boers might profit by this tie of blood.

But Mr. Van Alen was not carried away by his love of liberty, or by his enthusiasm for republican institutions. On the contrary, he "organized and equipped a complete field hospital, with which he went to the front with General Buller's division in South Africa in the early part of the year 1900."

If this Briton of Dutch descent had flourished in 1776, he might have struck some solid blows against the serpent of independence then rearing its head in America.



VERY BAD FORM.

Just the Man.

EDITOR (of yellow journal): If you are an Englishman I am afraid that you may not be fitted for our peculiar journalism.

APPLICANT: But I've been in South Africa for the last six months, writing up British victories for the London papers.

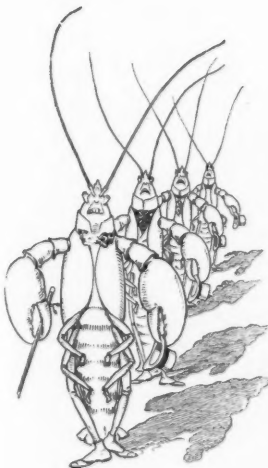
In the Social Calendar.

RODNEY: I don't know just where to place those Tiffingtons.

DABNEY: Oh, that's an easy matter; financially, they are somebody—intellectually, they are nobody.



The Guest: NOW GET ME THE SUNDAY World AND Journal.
Bell Boy: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT IT 'UD COST ME MAH JOB. GIT YEH ANYTHING ELSE, BUT OLE MISTAH SATAN
HISSE'F, HE SAYS, "NO, SIR! WE GOTTER DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHAR."



The Animals' Society Column.

THE Tent-Caterpillars are hanging out as usual at Long Branch.

The Buggs are paying their customary summer visit to the Potatoes.

The Bull-Frog left suddenly for a flying trip across the pond.

The Lobsters, unable to get away, are broiling in town.

Dr. Storck has a busy season ahead and will probably be in and out of town during the coming months.

Mr. and Mrs. Turtle and family hope to spend some time on the beach.

The Grizzly-Bears have opened snug accommodations for an unlimited number of Western travelers.

Contrary to their custom, the Leopards are changing from one spot to another.

The Spiders are keeping open house as usual.

The Early-Worm is in daily expectation of a flying visit from the Bird.

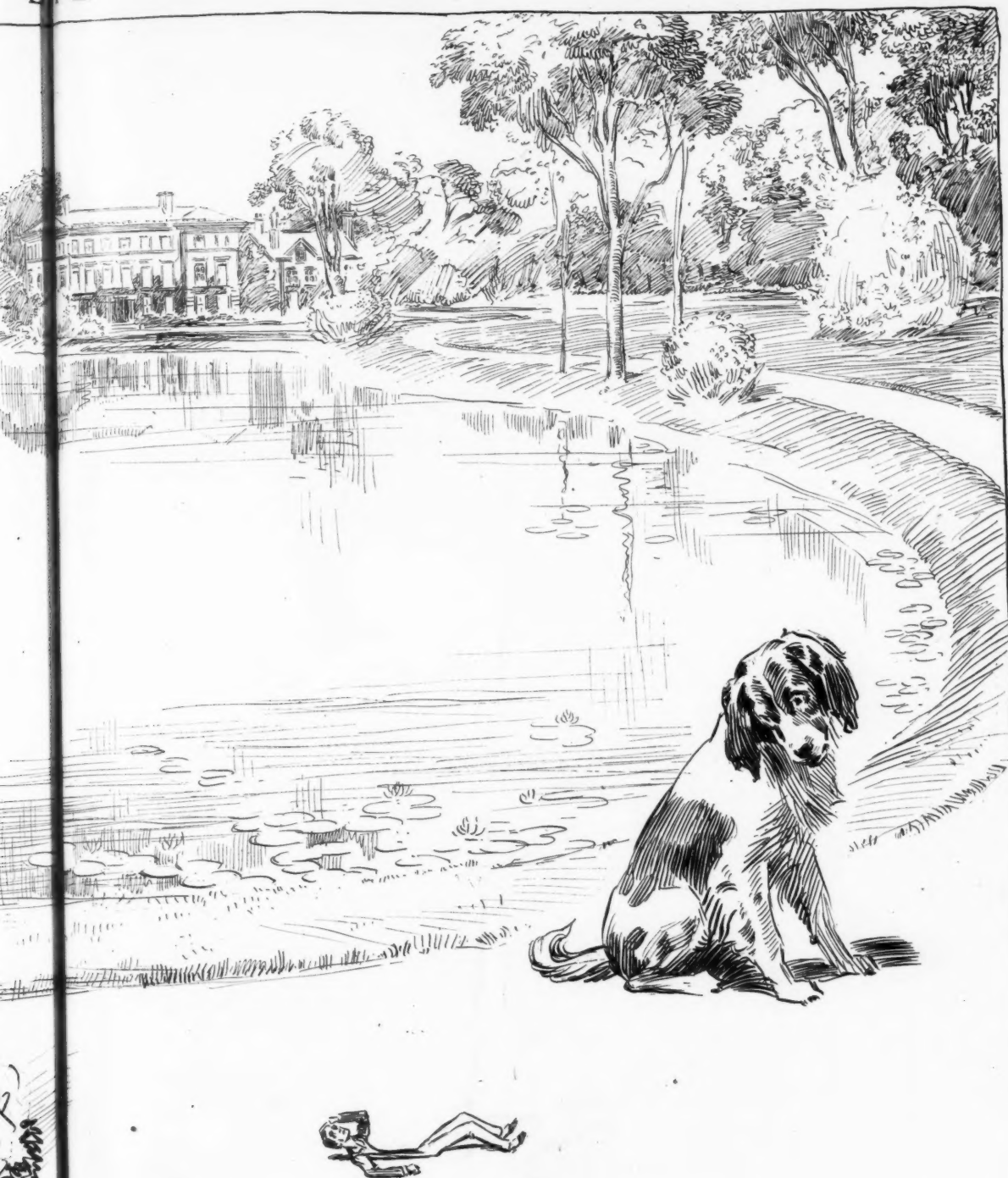
The engagement was announced last evening of our old Plymouth Rock Hen to Farmer Fox from down Hodge's Corners way.

Ada Davenport Kendall.



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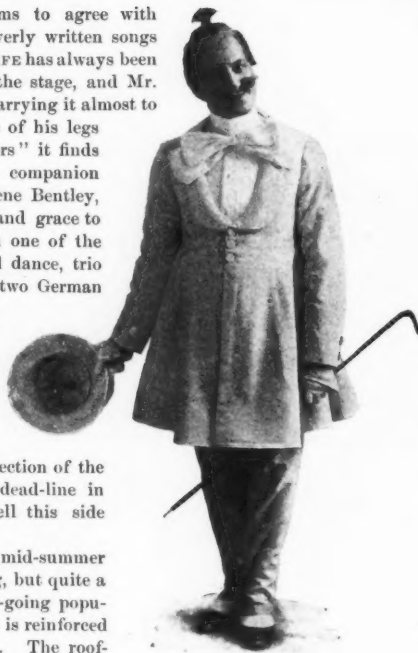
IT argues the possession of a brave heart to produce a new piece in New York and perform it continuously during such a summer as the one which is just now making us all pour generous offerings on the altar of the Goddess Perspira. The deed becomes actually heroic when the piece is a saltatory one like "The Strollers," in which every one, from Mr. Wilson down to the most speechless of the back-row ladies, has to do a tremendous amount of dancing and other physical work. In witnessing the performance New Yorkers are perhaps like the Kentucky colonel, who, sitting on his verandah with a mint-julep hard by, found an added element of coolness in watching his niggers working in the sun. It is said that, owing to the combination of work and temperature, the combined weight of "The Strollers" Company has shrunk on an average five hundred pounds a day, and that even the most humble places in the company are eagerly sought by actors and actresses of weight who wish to reduce themselves.

"The Strollers" is really amusing. The book is adapted from the German and—perhaps because it is adapted from the German—has a plot and rather an ingenious one. The lines and lyrics supplied by Mr. Harry B. Smith are quite clever, and he has not paid as many visits to the chestnut grove as usual. The music of Mr. Ludwig Engländer is not surprisingly tuneful nor a marvel of orchestration, but it is fairly catchy and shows, as compared with his previous efforts in the same line, that he is gaining a knowledge of the requirements of comic-opera composition. The costuming and mounting of the piece are quite sufficient, and in the third act reach rather an unusual degree of elaborateness.

To Mr. Francis Wilson is assigned the congenial part of a strolling rogue living by his wits and with a strongly humorous appreciation of the scrapes into which his

wits get him. The warm weather seems to agree with his voice, and he has a couple of cleverly written songs whose meaning he interprets clearly. LIFE has always been a stickler for distinct enunciation on the stage, and Mr. Wilson certainly possesses this virtue—carrying it almost to the point of a vice. Of the eloquence of his legs there is no doubt, and in "The Strollers" it finds full opportunity of expression. His companion stroller, *Bertha*, is played by Miss Irene Bentley, who supplies a sufficiency of prettiness and grace to the part. She is especially effective in one of the best numbers in the piece, a combined dance, trio and chorus, in which she is aided by two German lieutenants and a chorus of German students. A large part of the fun of "The Strollers" is supplied by Mr. D. L. Don, as an aged prince enamored of a ballet-dancer, and Mr. Edwin Foy, as a German jailer with a decidedly Hibernian brogue. The management has shown commendable taste in the selection of the chorus, both in beauty and years—the dead-line in the latter particular being set very well this side of fifty.

In New York going to the theatre in mid-summer doesn't seem a very rational proceeding, but quite a large contingent of New York's theatre-going population has to remain in town, and this is reinforced by a considerable number of transients. The roof-garden entertainments have come to be so far beneath contempt that the public, which seeks to forget its



MR. WILSON AS "AUGUST LUMP"



MISS BENTLEY AS "BERTHA,"
AND MR. BENTLEY AS "RUDI VON RODENSTEIN."

woes and the heat through stage entertainment, is forced indoors. Of a cool evening "The Strollers" will be found amusing in itself, and of a hot one the discomfort of its performers makes one's own seem small by comparison.

Metcalfe.

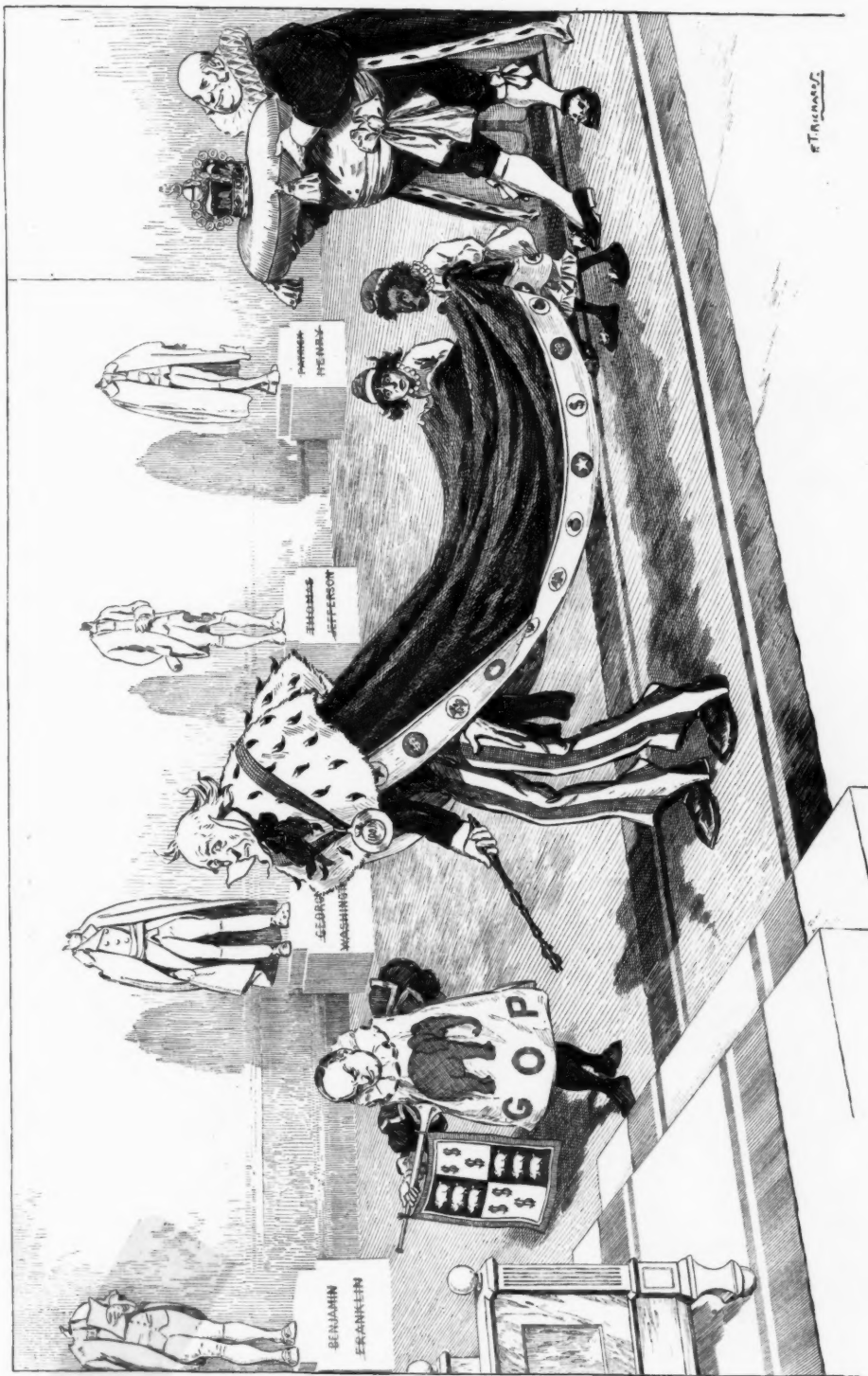
Two Hearts.

THERE is a heart—
Of fragile clay 'tis made,
And art
Has laid,
In lines—
Twining vines

And violets everywhere
Upon its surface; it is fair—
They call it Dresden, and "Take care"
Is placed upon it; bonbonnière
They call it too, and those who come to see,
Take it up so carefully—
Lest they make
A slip, and it should break.

There is a heart—
Of fragile clay 'tis made,
And from the start,
Life has laid
The ebb and flow
And glow
Of Love upon it; it is fair—
We call it human—Oh, take care
Lest bitterness should jar it,
And mar it—
And let us touch it gently, lest we make
A slip, and it should break.

Montrose J. Moses.



SULL: THERE ISN'T MUCH FUN IN IT, BUT IT'S PICTURESQUE.

Where?

LOVE prayed of Constancy: "Oh, stay with me
Past the sad changing years, till hair be white
And lost the dear remembrance of delight.
All will be well, whate'er the time or place,
So thou art near." . . . Then, in Love's lifted face
Looked Constancy, sad, smiling. "Stay with thee,
Thou winged sprite? . . . Alas, where wilt thou be?"

Madeline Bridges.

"The Child in the House."



PARENTAL concern varies strangely with each succeeding generation. Some form it must assume—Eve doubtless had worries of her own in her Mesopotamia nursery—but a Mothers' Congress which should include representatives from every century would be a delightful and instructive affair. Not so many years ago—but that some of us can very well remember—it was assumed that children were stupid little animals whose dormant intelligence required stimulants of an active and penetrating order. The small "apple-eating creature" known as a boy and his curled and pinafores sister were prodded along the primrose paths of learning, without the smallest regard for their personal disaffection. It never

occurred to anxious mothers and fathers then to "hold back" their impetuous little ones from the alluring alphabet and the seductive multiplication table. The holding back was done legitimately by the scholars, to whom that part of the programme could—and can still—be safely entrusted. Parents did not then alarm themselves unnecessarily over the precocious development of their offspring. The thing they feared least—and had least cause to fear—was that they had given birth to genius.

But now, if we may believe that which is seriously affirmed, the very babies in their bassinets must be restrained from undue mental exertion. So keen are the infants of to-day to acquire ideas and information that rattles and rubber dolls are too stimulating, too suggestive for their awakening intellects. Something simple and soundless, like a ball, is the only safe toy—something they can contemplate without any possibility of speculation. Moreover, those fragmentary parts of speech to which they are prone, and which—though meaningless to the uninitiated—have hitherto been regarded as their choicest charm, are now hushed upon the babies' lips. The later they learn to talk, the better, we are told. "Da-da-da" is so exciting to their nerves.

The mother of the Wesleys compelled each of her many children to master the whole alphabet on its fifth birthday. We shudder now at the thought of such uncompromising measures, when we

hear how all books have to be hidden from Tommy, because he is so keen to study; and how Sylvia's letter-blocks are packed away, lest she should learn to spell; and how stories are banished from Ethelbert's nursery on account of his painful and precocious intelligence. To indifferent eyes, Tommy and Sylvia and Ethelbert are ordinary little people, upon whose hearts the curse of Cadmus falls with no withering blight; but Tommy's father fears the boy is developing too fast; and Sylvia's mother has never before known a little girl whose mind worked with such unnatural acuteness; and Ethelbert's doctor is quoted as saying that any intellectual or emotional stimulus should be avoided in the case of a child so delicately organized, and with such abnormal powers of apprehension.

Children should be planted like cabbages. The calm expansion of that noble vegetable offers the ideal towards which the modern nursery aspires—and not in vain.

Agnes Repplier.

The Revenge of an Army.

NO army of modern times has had its nose so badly twisted or been kicked so often and in so many places as the British horde in South Africa. The skilful Boer has certainly had fun with it. And the fun is still going on. But the army is now having its revenge.

Of the brutal treatment of Boer women and children by these British warriors there seems little doubt. The accounts that reach us come from various and reliable sources. That the horror and disgust experienced in other countries should be shared by the better class in England is not surprising.

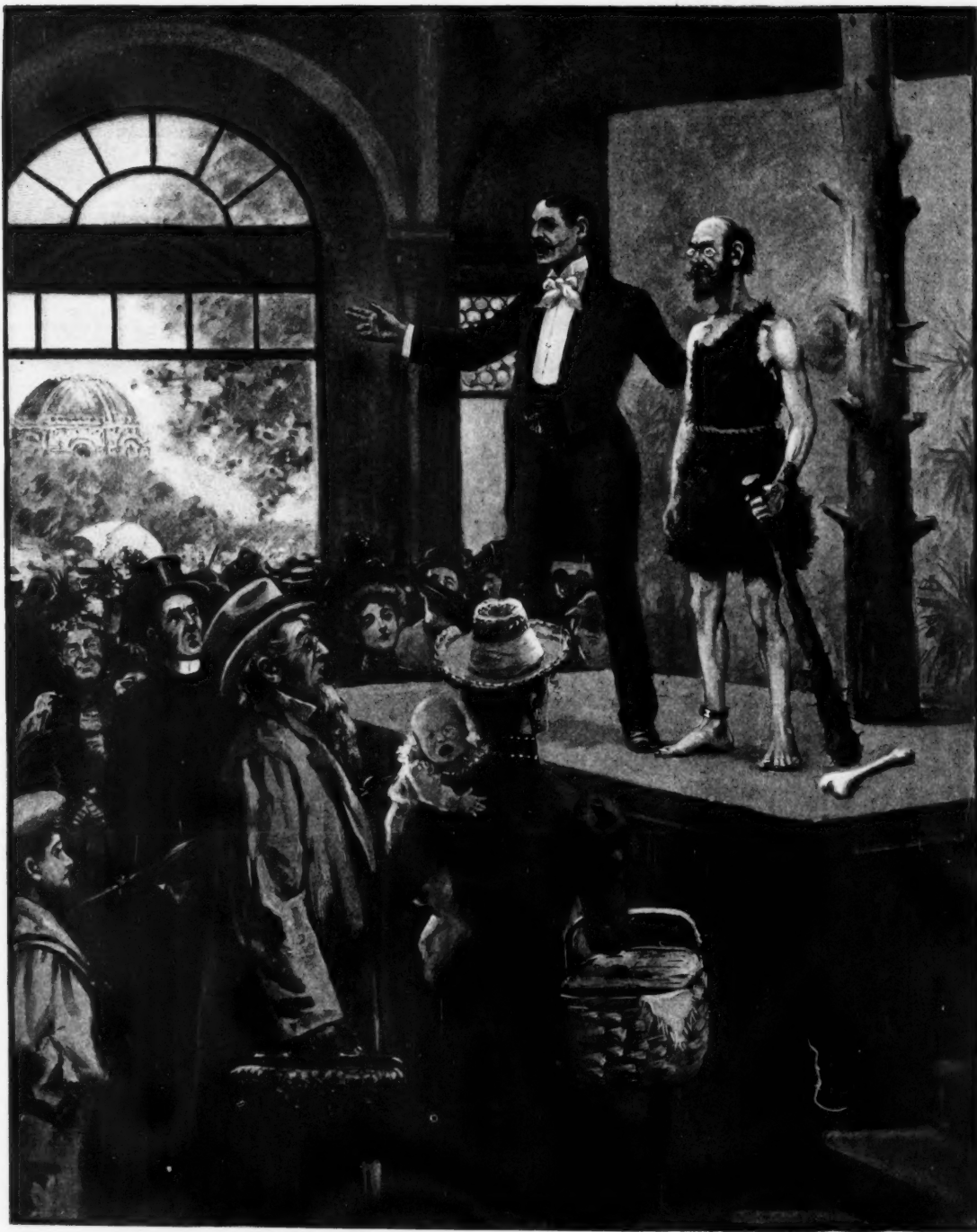
Herding women and children in open pens like cattle and letting them die for lack of care has become, in South Africa, a form of sport. And doubtless, for a certain type of soldier, there is consolation in maltreating the wives and daughters of his enemy.



"CARRYING OUT THE LAW."

MRS. UPPERTEN: The King does not seem to be nearly so happy as he was when he was merely a Prince.

MRS. VERISWELL: Naturally. It's the difference between brilliant prospects and dull realities.



"NEXT, LADIES AN' GENTS, WE BEHOLD BEFORE US THE WILD MAN FROM CHICAGO."

"WHY, HE LOOKS QUIET AND PEACEABLE ENOUGH."

"DOES, EH? WELL, YOU JUST WHISPER TO HIM THAT YOU THINK THIS BUFFALO FAIR BEATS THE CHICAGO ONE AN' SEE FOR YOURSELF."



THE HEALTH-FOOD MAN.

His eyes are balls of polished steel;
His lungs are sponges dried;
His blood is bouillon-concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley ropes
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano-chords—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—
A house of constant gloom,
For love can never burn within,
Because there isn't room.

His appetite has dwindled down
To fit his little food,
Till fruit is "water in a poke"
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—
He reads of them aghast;
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling, from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin,
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then, with a gulp, he swallows down
His dinner from the can—
This product of the health-food school,
The Concentrated Man!

—Aloysius Coll, in *What to Eat*.

THERE are bad bargains that we remember, sometimes with regret and often a little bitter amusement. Says Mrs E. D. Gillespie in her "Book of Remembrance":

"My father had taken some land in Illinois for a bad debt, and this he had never visited. After he had paid taxes on it for several years, he was asked to sell the tract. He agreed to do it, and named the price, which was the sum he had paid for it, without the taxes.

"The deeds were scarcely signed when my father found that a city, Peoria, was growing up on the spot. He was naturally disappointed at what seemed the ill luck of the occurrence, but several years after, his annoyance was tinged with amusement. A man came into his office, and asked:

"Are you W. J. Duane?"

"Yes."

"Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?"

"Yes."

"Did you sell it for six hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"The man rose from his chair.

"Good-by," said he. 'I only thought I'd like to look at you.'"—*Exchange*.

A LADY was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?"

"Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother, "but they would not last long and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible, after thinking a moment, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.—*London Answers*.

FRANK ANDERSON was for years a well-known commercial traveler who made Galena. He was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the Galena Hotel, at which he always stopped, always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along, and as he approached Galena he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper table that night no honey appeared, and Anderson said sharply to the head waiter:

"Where is my honey?"

The waiter smiled and said:

"You mean the little black-haired one? Oh, she don't work here now."—*Kansas City Journal*.

A CERTAIN teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native State, Mississippi, who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining-table at which she was first seated, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston, who had been sitting opposite the Southerner, expressed her regret at the change.

"I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth; "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

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"My dear," said the fair girl's father, "I listened to your graduation essay with a great deal of interest."

"Did you?" she rejoined, coolly.

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—Chicago Record-Herald.

To be acceptable to the aristocracy one must be an ass or a millionaire.—Schoolmaster.

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BOY: Die.

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"Get ill and send for you."—Glasgow Evening Times.

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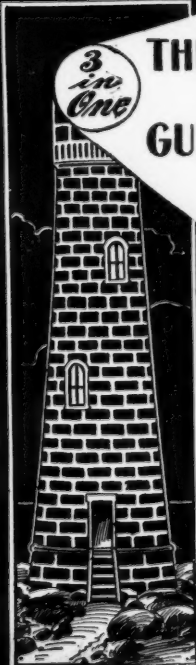
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